

THERE AS HERE

*HINTS AND GLIMPSES OF
THE UNSEEN*

BY

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“Never star
Was lost here but it rose afar,
In Vishnu Land what Avatar?”

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
EDINBURGH AND LONDON
MDCCCXCI

P R E F A C E.

THIS little book is an attempt to vivify for myself and others a few of such "Hints and Glimpses" as it seems to me may be gathered from Revelation, Nature, and Human Experience of that "Land which is very far off," and yet, as the years go on, so growingly near and dear to all of us. In making this attempt, I have proceeded upon certain assumptions. First, that while the language of Revelation, in describing what itself declares "eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither have entered into the heart of man," is necessarily allegorical and figurative, these allegories and

figures are in no wise arbitrary, but the very shadows cast by the substance itself, and may therefore be safely used as guides to the realities behind. Second, that while I claim the seen analogies of Nature and Science as nothing *beyond* Hints and Glimpses of the Unseen, I do claim them as such, and hold that we are entitled to try to gather from them such gleams of light as they seem to throw upon the dark unknown. Third, while by no means desiring to assume that all those instances of recorded Human Experience of which I have made use are individually accredited beyond dispute, I have endeavoured to select them as specimens of *classes* of phenomena, which seem, in one form or another, of too constant and persistent recurrence in all ages to admit of their being lightly set aside as mere imposture or delusion.

To those who may not be disposed to grant

these assumptions, I can only point out how each strand of the threefold cord seems to strengthen the others · the hints of Nature and of Human Experience to illustrate and cast light on the statements of Revelation, and the statements of Revelation to explain the hints of Nature and Experience.

For the rest, the little book may be said to have grown out of its own title,—the last published words of the great poet and dear and revered friend who has so lately “gone over to the majority,” to whose dear memory I have tried to weave its very various poems into a little Easter song-wreath for his grave

EDINBURGH,
EASTER DAY, 1891.

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THERE AS HERE

“ No, at noonday in the bustle of man’s work-time
Greet the unseen with a cheer !
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
‘ Strive and thrive ! ’ cry ‘ Speed,—fight on, fare ever
There as here ! ’ ”

—*Last words of Asolando.*

In Memoriam.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Obiit 12th December 1889

“ Full of grace and truth ”



WE would do thy will and speed thee,
Though a sob break through the cheer
Wherewith we bid thee forward
From starry sphere to sphere,
Not call back but stand gazing
Into thy world of light,
As they, when of old on Olivet,
A cloud hid the Lord from their sight

From the next of the many mansions
Of our Father's House and His,
From the place He went to prepare thee
Dost thou look back on this,
Thy seer's eye now scanning
All life in its boundless gaze,
The end and the beginning
Blent in one song of praise ?

Earth's rainbow griefs and gladness,
Heaven's achromatic white ,
Life's every riddle clear now
Where the Slain Lamb is the Light
In His Light thou dost see light,
Face to face with Him above,
Knowst, whom on homely Earth thou trustedst,
Power that is one with Love

“GONE OVER TO THE MAJORITY”

I

“To the spirits of just men made perfect”

A GRAND, still face in the moonlight
That floods the marble-floored room,
Where pale flowers shed heavy perfume
Round the Dead 'neath the midnight's gloom
Grand and still in the Southern sunlight
Whose struggling rays creep past
Drawn blind and jalousie to cast
One more kiss at his feet,—the last

Grand and still in the silent sleep-time,
When the watchers have gone to rest,
And but star-eyes on heaven's far breast
Could know had the lone room other guest
Grand and still at the peal of the noon-chime
Through many a hushed footfall
That steals in with flowers for the purple pall
Of him, the beloved of all

Not here, not here any longer,
Though the still majestic clay
Yet for a brief space with us stay
His home erst, he, how far away,
Than his fellows so greater and stronger !
There were many to love him here,
Hearts his great words brought cheer,
Hearts void now as yon clay on the bier

He has left all, the loved and the loving,
E'en here and there a star

Of kindred ray, twinkling afar
In Earth's night, where like spirits are
Away from the warmth of the love and the loving,
Flashing lights of souls fine and rare,
Of the old homely Earth he loved so *There,*
Ah, what doth he find in yon rarer air ?

Say is it chill and lonesome up yonder
In that life so strange and new ?
Or speaks the old proverb true,
There the many, here the few ?
For one star shining here, a night's wonder,
Yonder one Milky Way
Of stars turn night to day,
Of the great and the good shining on for aye

Ay, there he has found grand company,
His fellows the heroes of old,
Each hand outstretched his hand to hold
As they welcome one other, the True and the Bold.

Long they watched him, that bright-eyed galaxy,
Here in the lifelong fight,
And their cheer outbroke as his arm of might
Sent foul fiends reeling in affright

There grand old Saul, exorcised for aye,
On dewless Gilboa's height,
Through the sword-thrust that ended the fight,
The demon that held him in night .
There David, the sweet singer-boy,
His harp with blue lilies enwound ,
John, the loved, burst from his Desert-death's bound ,
At the long last Euripides crowned .

There the hawk-nosed Professor from Gottingen,
The eluding Truth grasped fast,
The husk and the dusk cleared at last,
From his misty spectacles passed
Old Rabbi Ben Ezra when
All has been seen, not afraid ,

And Paracelsus made
At last what he essayed

Yet never was Sordello with a Moon
Worthy to sway his sea ,
And Lazarus of Bethany,
This life with that life's harmony,
By soul divorced, no more put out of tune,
Too soon from sense . Karshish at feet
O' the learnèd Leech hath found his seat
Where the All-Great and the All-Loving meet

Poor Stafford with a Master to die for
Who instead gave Himself to die ,
And Capponischi's eye
Meeting Pompilia's 'neath God's holy sky
Fearless and free, no unblest vows to sigh for,
Unerringly as each knows each
From all the world and struggles out to reach
Oneness of soul all unprofaned by speech

His world-helping labours all done
Great Heiakes weary and gay ,
Aristophanes mayhap, 'neath sway
Of Balaustian's sweet eyes his murk turned day.
Through the Passing the Permanent won,
With Elvire within the house-door,
All wanderings by sea and by shore
O'er, safe at Home for evermore

For him, great Agnolo's unhewn mass
Hath evolved Eidotheé,
Not now a transient ray,
A gleam scarce seen ere sunk to clay,
But deathless marble never more to pass ,
All to perfection brought,
Ideal into Real wrought,
Grand as erst born in the Great Master's Thought.

II

“ To God, the Judge of all ”

“ Oh that I knew where I might find Him ' then would I come
even to His seat.”

HE has found his way to His seat at last,
He that made him to judge him,
Earth's guesses and misconceptions past,
God's light for man's twilight dim
Ever he loved the light, 'twas the dark he dreaded
Grim monsters its shadows bred
Found harmless tree-trunks, earth's jungle threaded
By one ray of God's light o'erhead

Truth and more Truth 'twas still that he sighed for,
Truth larger and more wide,
Man's pin-point of Truth on earth he had died for
Grown God's Truth on every side
Truth that was Truth to him howe'er by men
 spurned,
Heaven's fire-spark alight 'mid earth's dim,
Till the mere beacon-torch grew the Bush that
 burned
And yet consumed not for him

A steady light 'mid the thorny wild
Of the tangled desert round,
Pure lambent flame, nor wood-wildling nor child
Need dread on that holy ground
'Twas only Falsehood fell scathed and dead
Touched by that mild clear flame,
That ray of what *is* from whose fire God said
"I Am, that is my name."

By the absolute Truth to be judged at last
He has come unto His seat
Shall his spirit shrink now 'tis his lot cast
That Judge's eye to meet ?
The Judge on the throne can He know his case
Round whom earth's mists were furled,
Who hath stood with the naked Truth face to face
Ere He laid the bars of the world ?

Can He judge one to whom Truth his soul sighed for,
Flitted Will o' the Wisp o'er earth's fen,
Chased, snatched at, scarce grasped, though glad he
 had died for,
Ere off o'er the marshes again ?
Can he know how the tired knees grew trembling
 and weak,
And the reaching hands hung down,
And earth's marsh-mists of False e'en to eyes that
 seek
Dim the True with false halo-crown ?

Ah, the Truth on the Throne knows the Truth all
round,

Truth of earth's marsh-mists that hide,

Truth of weak flesh to the strong spirit bound,

The Truth upon every side.

He who made him shall judge him,

A Man judging man,

Well knowing the frame dust-made,

From the Cloud the same Voice o'er the wild lake
that ran,

“ Tis I, be not afraid ”

But comes from the far-off Earth no cry ?

No brother's blood from the ground ?

Though he bent on all living a loving eye

As his earthly years rolled round,

Was there never a weakness that “ did it not,”

The little deed that might save ?

Does no wail go up for the word forgot

Might have called back a soul from the grave ?

Ah, who shall lift spotless hands on that day
When we come unto His Seat,
The Light, the Truth, the Love alway
Of that Judge's eye to meet ?
Ay, an echo comes from that blood that cried
Gainst our noblest, most loving, most true,
—'Tis the "Father forgive" of the Judge as He died.
" They know not what they do "

III

“Faultless.”

Now unto Him who is able to keep you from falling, and to
present you faultless before the presence of His glory with
exceeding joy ”

‘ A vessel meet for the Master’s use ”

A FLAWLESS cup at last,
With joy exceeding passed
By Him who made it to the festal board,
Meet for the Master’s use,
Needing no more excuse
In presence of the glory of its Lord

Material rich and rare,
'Neath the great Master's care
Fashioned superbly, faultless form and grain ,
Where did He dig it up,
The fine gold for that cup ?
Those peerless pearls from what blue sea-depths gain ?

A quest 'twas long and sore,
That won that precious ore,
Rescued those pearls lost 'neath a world undone,
From earth's vast ruin-heap,
Those gems to find and keep,
Save He who made them to redeem was none

He saw the fine gold's worth
Buried 'neath vulgar earth,
The pearls' pure lustre shine through clouding clay,
Nor grudged for them to spend
And be spent, nay at end
Give His life-blood to win them back to day

In dying He won them,
Yellow gold and bright gem,
His eye caught their gleam, deemed meet for that cup
Rough gold so eager sought,
Dim pearl so dearly bought,
Rough, dim shall He leave as He digged them up ?

Shall not the fire refine
The rough gold of the mine ?
The pearl's pure lustre shine freed from earth's clay ?
What though the heat burnt strong,
And the keen knife cut long
Ere His blood-bought cup gleams faultless to-day ?

Ah, the furnace was hot,
Nor His hand spared one jot
Of the fire needed to perfect His plan,
But when sorest the strain
In the flames there stood twain,
By His tried gold One like the Son of Man

A flawless cup at last,
With joy exceeding passed
By Him who fashioned to the festal board,
Meet for the Master's use,
Needing no more excuse
In presence of the glory of its Lord

IV

“ As He is.”

“ We shall be like Him , for we shall see Him as He is ”

“ We shall be satisfied, when we awake, with His likeness ”

“ Clouds and darkness are round about Him righteousness and
peace the habitation of His throne ”

ROUND the great White Throne surging darkness,
What eye shall e'er pierce through the cloud ?
Through the hubbub and din of the tempest
Who cleave to the quietude they shroud ?
To the Right and the Peace that dwell yonder
At the heart of the universe throned,
The quiet everlasting found under
The storm e'en while wild billows moaned ?

What eagle has eye so deep-scanning
As read through the tempest the peace ?
What seer at the heart of the Evil,
Sees Righteousness rule without cease ?
Ah ! it must be Trust a while longer
Not vision, from our Earth's dim place
'Tis the angels of little children
Alone see the Father's face

Looking out from the dark cloud they see it,
A Face for love and for trust,
And their simple hearts ask no question,
For love and trust it they must ,
And the feeble fingers close softly
Round the great guiding Hand that holds,
And the darkness affrights no longer
While the love of that Face enfolds.

But child-faith grows to sight up yonder,
When they stand on the glassy sea

Where those halcyon wings have aye brooded
From all eternity,
Brood now at the heart of the tempest,
On through ages that ne'er shall cease
About Him the clouds and the darkness,
His Home the Right and the Peace

Who shall win to that magic circle ?
Who stand on that waveless sea,
Where nought breaks the happy silence
Save praise eternally ?
Who gaze on the shadeless glory
Of that rainbow-circled Throne,
While Seraphs hide their faces,
Knowing as they are known ?

Ah ! there at the heart of the glory
Stands a Lamb as it had been slain,
And they alone who are like Him
That vision celestial may gain

E'en here we see one another
But as eye brings the power to see,
But the hand of a spirit's brother
Holds the key of its mystery

This then it means that they see *Him*,
The Lamb in the midst of the Throne,
A heart that with His beats one heart-beat,
A spirit at one with His own
The clouds and the darkness melt vanquished
In the love-light of that Face of His
For ever and ever satisfied
They see Him as He is

V

‘ Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven ’

“Suffer the little children to come unto me, for of such is the
kingdom of heaven ”

OF whom? of the little children
With their clear guileless eyes,
With their free and fearless gladness,
Frank interest and surprise
At all the great world around them,
Quaint questions and replies

Upon them the dew of the morning
Unsullied by day's dust and heat,

Glad eager joy of serving
With hasting, untired feet,
A day with no care for to-morrow
To shadow its sunshine sweet

Glad hearts at rest and contented
Knowing all that they need will be given,
By a great free Love encompassed
For which they have never striven
Here, such are the little children,
There, " of such is the Kingdom of Heaven "

“THE LEAVES OF THE TREE ARE FOR
THE HEALING OF THE NATIONS”

‘ Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to
them who shall be heirs of salvation ? ’ ”

Do they remember us up yonder,
Us they have left behind ?
Poor Love asks aye with yearning wonder,
Uplifting eyes tear-blind,
If they may pierce the dark and distance
One moment brings between
Hearts that were one here,—bridge the silence
That broods where Death hath been

Oh silence sound hath never broken !
Oh distance boundless, dread !
Oh dark that may be felt some token
From our belovèd Dead !
They live we know, do they remember
Us in yon world whose noon
Frustrates as darkness ? Earth's December,
Can it affront Heaven's June ?

Would not our eyes tear-dim with sorrow
Shadow their radiant lot ?
Must Love not from herself strength borrow,
Be glad to be forgot ?
Nay, and thrice nay ! Love's eyes flash scorning,
Thus abdicate her throne ?
Death victor found this new life's morning
O'er hearts that are her own ?

Silence' o'er-shadowing wing may hover,
Darkness as midnight's pall,

Distance untracked 'twixt loved and lover,
Love overcomes them all,
E'en here on earth , in Love's own Home-place
Shall she first know defeat ?
All else made perfect, 'neath Love's own Face
Love only less complete ?

Sunning herself in the new life's gladness,
Without or thought or care
For the loved, who raise 'mid the old life's sadness
Their yearning eyes to her there ,
Because mayhap their grief might shade for
A moment Heaven's radiant bliss !
—Ah, the Love on the Throne knows a love that was
 made for
Another love than this !

As Master shall not the servants be ?
Did Heaven's bliss restrain
Him, though 'twas Godhead's own glory He
Forwent to ease our pain ?

Shall they not share in His ministries,
They who are like Him now,
Lest a tear should rise in the joy-bright eyes,
A shade cross the radiant brow ?

Tears for themselves they shed no more,—these
Whence then that God wipes away,
Unless eyes tear-brimmed from Earth's ministries
Seen dimmed e'en Heaven's own day ?
Ah, tears sweeter far than tearless gladness
When that pierced gracious Hand
Presses dry on His breast each wet cheek's sadness
Come Home from Earth's far land !

Were there no tears in the angel eyes
Under the olive-tree
As he watched the Son of Man agonise
In dark Gethsemane ?
Though well he knew as he held the cup,
Despite that pleading prayer,

Firm to the faint lip 'twas bubbling up
With a world's salvation there

Ah, the Tree of Life its twelve fruits bears,
And the ransomed pluck their fill,
But not all for Heaven,—our poor Earth shares
In its life-giving virtue still !
Have we ne'er felt those leaves of healing
Cool on an aching brow,
And calm o'er tired heart then sweet balm stealing
We know not whence nor how ?

Was't not mayhap a hand we have known
Bore from that Land so far ?
A face we have loved bent close o'er our own,
We deem in some distant star ?
Ah, not the less from our God's own heart,
If gladly on wings of light,
He grants their angels to bear their part,
His love with theirs unite.

His healing balm gives them joy of bringing
Their loved ones left awhile,
Blest ministries that make Heaven's singing
The gladder for that wan smile,
They left upon a dear face sleeping
Calm 'neath a life tree's leaf
They had laid on the tired heart while keeping
Love's vigil with our grief

“MOSES AND ELIAS TALKING WITH HIM”

“That old Moses who never got to the Promised Land in his lifetime—ah, he got to it at last, though he had to go round by Heaven first, and took fourteen hundred years on the way!”
—DR PENTECOST.

Nor here! not here! the cup of promise broken,
Dashed down the lip so nigh,
The Land in view and yet God's voice hath spoken,
“Here thou must die”

Here, with its waving corn-fields and its vineyards
Climbing each terraced slope,
Its grey-green olive shade, dark branching cedars,
Land of thy hope—

Stretching before thee in that Pisgah vision,
Thy foot may never tread,
Nebo's wild rock the goal of thy great mission,
Already dead

Did it not seem as though His word was broken
Thou eye hadst held so fast ?
The great Past one vast lying token,
To fail at last ?

Surely the Land to which thou ledst to tread on
Lay in His promise' scope,
Kept to the ear, can He the word so fed on,
Break to thy hope ?

It might have been,—but no, no idle question
Disturbed the gaze serene
Wherewith thine undimmed eyes drank that fair
vision,
Jordan between

Too well thou knewst the Father's hand that guided
By Cloud and Fire the past,
Too well thou knewst the Father's heart abided
Unchanged at last

So on that lone rock o'er the wildernesses,
As babe at even-song,
Cradled, thou laidst thee down 'neath God's caresses,
For slumber long

Knowing His word might wait for its fulfilling
Yet ne'er could fail thy past
Now, what a morn,—regrets for ever stilling,—
'Tis breaks at last !

When Pisgah's vision of the Land of Promise
Is changed for Hermon's brow,
—Not Promise now,—when thy feet first its soil kiss,
Fruition now

'Twas a long way thou hadst to go to reach it,
Full fourteen hundred years,
By pastures green and pearly gates thy transit,
Amid the spheres

No weariness as of that desert journey
So far now left behind,
That word mayhap long since upon thy glad way
Passed out of mind

Thy mind not His,—He who that word had spoken
No word can e'er forget,
No blisses of the ages His least token
Make forfeit yet

The very bliss thy heart grew sick with waiting,
In old dim Earth so far,
Breaks on thee now, 'mid splendours palpitating
Of sun and star

And oh, the raptured bliss of that awaking
On Canaan's longed-for sod,
Hope's dim made perfect,—Hermon's dew - drops
 breaking
O'er feet of God !

Just kept till ripe for promise full fruition
That hope deferred of thine,
—Shall not I too find rich with God's completion,
As thy hope,—mine ?

“THOU SOWEST NOT THAT BODY
WHICH SHALL BE ’

HIS very self Behold HIS hands and feet
There where the nails struck through,
Thy hand thrust in the piercèd side
Here where the hollow still gapes wide
The soldier’s spear made Set before Him meat,
Broiled fish and honeycomb,—the Jesus that ye
 knew

No phantom spirit this to cheat your sight,
Creature of brain o’erstrung .
Handle and see Belovèd John
Its old rest by thy head be won

Upon His breast,—there where it lay that night
When Judas dipped the sop and your last hymn was
sung.

Ye did not find His body in the tomb
'Mid Joseph's spices laid,
The women found no Jesus there
With dead limbs for anointing care,
But folded grave-clothes, and cave's vacant gloom,
Save for the light the angel's shining garments made

Not there but here—your Jesus loved so well
Soul, body as of yore,
—And yet,—the same yet not the same,—
Was not the door shut when He came,
In this the upper chamber where ye dwell,
And stood with “Peace be unto you” upon its floor?

Afore, He walked the water, raised the dead,
Demons cast out, yet aye

By earthly limitations bound
His body earth's restrictions found
Unfettered, free now as light's arrows sped
This mortal hath put on its immortality

Do ye remember how He answered when
Asked of her seven-times wed?
"Ye therefore greatly err," the while
He scarcely could forbear a smile
At the crude thought would bind the now as then,
Of them, the free who gain the rising from the
Dead

Earth's limits are for Earth The soul full-grown
Needs them no longer,—wed
And be wedded here—'tis meet,
There, no bonds for communion sweet
Of Love made perfect save Love's very own,
As God's pure angels they, the Risen from the
Dead

“Thou sowest not that body which shall be,”
And yet to every seed
No other’s but its very own,—
Only, that now in weakness sown
Raised up in power,—heart of a glorious tree
Let rot the acorn husk that thus hath served its need

“His holy ones shall no corruption see,”
Though Death may make a prey
And worm seem conqueror, ’tis but
The cast slough that the worm fiets, shut
The grave’s door on’t — *They* from corruption free
Soul, body rise one incorruptibility

The very Man,—your Jesus that ye knew,
Standing beside the Throne
Stephen’s uplooking steadfast eyes
Saw Him,—so ye shall recognise
Him and each other, past ill days and few,
When with Him where He is shall be who are His own

For He is the first-fruits He, from death raised,
The type of you, to be
He played to have His loved ones there,
—He whom God heareth aye,—your prayer
For yours shall He despise? Nay, God be praised
Yours there are here, save incorruptible and free

The same yet not the same, then as of yore,
Bound nor by time, nor space,
Nor spoken vow,—yet bears life's tree
Its fruits—new wine upon the lee
He promised to drink with you, yonder o'er
Death's tide, within His Father's Kingdom face to face

Yet hungering, thirsting not,—all want supplied,
Life never-dying life,
And Love that needs no vow to bind
A shoreless ocean unconfined,
Love never more with other Love at strife,
Love as His Love in whose all Love is satisfied

“One like the Son of Man” ’twas “Fear not” said
To loved John,—as of yore
In flowing garment to the feet
Clad,—yet with glory strange and sweet,
“Lo, I am He that liveth and was dead,
And now, behold I am alive for evermore”

“AND I SAW NO TEMPLE THEREIN ”

“ The Lord God and the Lamb are the Temple of it ”

I

A TIRED man by a wayside well,
And a woman standing near,
With a water-pot poised on an olive brow,
None other there to hear
The mountains look down on the homely pair,
Ebal and Gerizim,
And Shechem lies down in the Valley there,
As she stands by the well with Him

Far off Jerusalem's Temple spires
Are glittering in the sun,
Long since the silver blast was blown
And the morning offering done,
For the sultry day is wearing late,
And to evening sacrifice
Ere long they will throng through the golden gate
To where the slain lamb lies.

The incense has risen in the Holy Place,
And its cloud of odour sweet
Floated above the prostrate crowd
Through the veil of the Mercy Seat ,
Crowding the steps the Levite Choir
Have chanted the psalm of the day,
And through their deep base like hopes that aspire,
Sweet boy-voices quivered away .

And at blast of the silver trumpets thrice
The people have bowed and prayed,

And the pious then private offerings brought
And on the altar laid
All to be done ere set of sun
Again, as at dawn of day,
Scarce ended ere once more begun
In Jehovah's Courts alway

Little it seems as that homely pair,
Met by a wayside well,
Could stay that cloud of praise and prayer,
Strike dumb that music's swell '
"God is a Spirit," the calm voice saith,
"And they who worship Him,
Must worship in spirit and in truth,
Nor on Sion nor Gerizim."

Oh the House it is Jehovah's House.
And its courts are marble and gold,
And He Himself had engaged to dwell
Where those threefold veils enclose,

Yet the first note,—who hath ears to hear,—
Rang out of its passing knell,
From the lips of the Seer in that woman's ear,
By the lonely Sychar well !

II.

Grecian skies pellucid azure o'er the rocky Hill of
Mars,
Dimpling waters of Egina blue round bluff Piræus'
scars,
Sleeping in the evetide stillness as bright Phœbus'
car dips down
O'er the Nymphs' Hill trailing glory round fair
Athens' pride and crown,
Worn as Queen's jewel on her forehead, where her
proud Acropolis'
Stately columns' creamy marbles catch the glow
from Salamis

In the hollow 'twixt its Temples and Pnyx' silent
hill, whose "stone,"
'Neath Demosthenes' voice wielded wider sway than
e'er did throne,
The Agora's busy market thronging at the close of
day,
Æsculapæus' shrine of healing, Cirque of Dionysus'
lay,
Aristophanes there jested, there Euripides had
wept,
And the Chorus and the Mummers their high revelry
there kept,
All the glory, all the gladness, all the grace, and all
the pride,
Of the Queen of all the nations round about on
every side
Who climbs Mars' Hill's rock-hewn staircase to
yon rough seat rock-hewn too,
Where Athena's judges hold their courts 'neath roof
of Heaven's own blue,

With the Furies' cavern under, and the mighty Par-
thenon,

Shrine of all the gods above him, gleaming at the
set of sun ?

As her curious crowds close round him "some new
thing" agog to hear,

What the words that homely speaker dares to breathe
in Athens' ear ?

'Neath her own Erechtheum's shadow whose proud
marble maidens bear

Lightly on each stately forehead of her holiest shrine
their share,

Where Athena's sacred olive, and Poseidon's brackish
well,

Tombs of Cecrops and Erechtheus, Athens' dearest
memories dwell,

In that heart of Earth's best culture whence Athena
Polias

Fallen from Heaven guards the city Hark, the
words that scoffing mass

Of gay Athenians marvelling lists to, as glints back
the sunset's ray

From Athena's spear and helmet to the sailors in the
bay !

Looking round him from Mais' hillock on blue sky
and glistening sea,

"Seeing He made earth and heaven, oh men of
glorious Athens, He

Dwells not in Temples by men's hands made, His
offspring I and you."

III

Is there no Temple then, no Holy Place wherein
He dwelleth who

Filleth immensity ? Nought save hill, sky and sea
and lambent air

Instinct with Him ? His glorious robe-skirts these,
but He Himself, oh where,

That we may worship Him in this His Earth and
ours? Are not all too

Vast and vague those folds majestic though they let
the glory stream through?

Open to the blue we see the quivering and pellucid air
'Twixt stately columns of the Parthenon, but Him
we see not there.

Not one stone on another now on Zion's hill,—
there, everywhere

The veil's translucent glory, the Shechinah where its
folds erst hid?

Is there no Sanctuary longer His vast universe amid
Whereto to bring our service? Altar none to bear
our sacrifice?

Nay, everywhere to-day is one great Temple to our
opened eyes,

All Earth and Sea and Air replete with Him, the
whole world Holy Ground

No service to His humblest but He holds service to
Him, around

No brother's need but we may make an altar for our
sacrifice

Holy as Temple Court of old, the raiment's hem
whence we arise

Healed by a touch, yet that translucent glory all is
but the veil

Hiding the Holiest, from these the out-courts of
His Temple's pale

Screening the inmost shrine.

Ah, the Most Holy *did* bless earth a while

Where all His glory dwells, but men scarce knew it
ere with parting smile

It rose into the Blue.—There we shall find it, there
before His face,

Within His Temple serve Him night and day, when
from His Holiest Place

The veil falls rent in twain, and in the midst of the
White Throne we see

The Slain Lamb in whom dwells the fulness of the
Godhead bodily

“AND THE BOOKS WERE OPENED.”

A CROWDED lighted music-hall,
A worshipful company,
Assembled to hear in our Island small,
A concert once held o'er the sea

Across the roar of the waves can it come,
O'er the wild Atlantic foam,
That music of violin, fife, and drum,
To our little hall at home ?

Hark ! now the soft tones of a singer,—
What white-winged bird of the sea,
On his pinions of light is the bringer
Of that far sweet melody ?

Ah ! a strange awe falls on each upturned face
Of that festal crowd to-day,
As the leader says, rising in his place,
“ Tis a voice that has passed away,

“ And the grass waves green in a lone churchyard
O’er her whose silver tone
Sounds yet in those strains on earth we have heard,
—She, singing before the Throne

“ ‘Tis a voice from the Dead we have heard to-night,
A pathos and a power
We deemed long scattered, on wings of light
Come pleading back this hour

—Sudden faded all that concert-hall
From my dreaming eyes at the word,
And another scene rose up between
My soul and the sounds I heard ,

And I stood 'mid a gathering greater far
Than that worshipful company,
Who had met to hear 'neath the evening star
That music from o'er the sea.

A great White Throne and a countless throng,
Far, far as eye could see,
And I, singled out from the crowd among,
With the Judge's eye on me !

The Judge's eye before whom in shame
The heavens and earth flee away,
And the great Book before Him lay oped at my name
Out of all the world that day !

And clear as the voice of the singer dead
That had thrilled through our lighted hall,
Came borne on the air each word I e'er said
In the old life past recall

From the stammering speech of the baby tongue
To last words of farewell pain,
In dark or in light, or spoken or sung,
Not one lost, all here again !

Words long forgot, words no ear save my own
Heard breathed to the silent air,
Words true and words false, joy's laughter, woe's
 moan,
Words of love, words of hate meet me there

Not one vanished, those wings of light
Set pulsing, pulse on for aye,
Inexorable recorders bright
Of matchless fealty they

And round stood that countless, endless throng,
Boundless as shoreless sea,

And my cheek flushed and paled as through right
and through wrong,
My life's tale came sounding to me

Yet not once I thought of that crowd, alone,
(Though my life lay all bare to see),
My eye was fixed on the great White Throne,
And the Judge's eye on me

I stood 'mid the world a soul apart,
As lone as on silent sea,
I have felt nought 'twixt my beating heart
And God's infinity

And my eye seemed to follow His eye as it sped
Beyond bounds of Time and Earth,
Down the pulsings eternal of each word I said
In street, or closet, or hearth.

Till my brain grew dazed in the endless chase,
And Fancy's wings were furled,
For I felt as those pulsings stirred Earth's whole race,
And my winged words encompassed the world

Not one 'mid that throng who had shared Earth's day
Since my eyes first oped to its light,
But seemed to my awe-struck heart to say
' Thy words helped my bliss or blight "

And as down the ages they sounded on
Each circle woke circle more wide,
Till from shore to shore of life's ocean hoar
Their ripples enwrinkled the tide

And I hid my face with an anguished cry,
" O God, it cannot be,
Each light word of mine passes bounds of Time,
Sounds on through Eternity ! "

“They must sound, they must sound to the utmost
bound

Of the everlasting sea,

But mine be the care of the fruit they shall bear,”

Said the Judge with kind eye on me

“WHICH THINGS ARE AN ALLEGORY”

I

*“Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither have
entered into the heart of man, the things which
God hath prepared for them that love Him”*

“WHY speakest thou in parable? ”

They asked of One of old

So must God's truth be told

To men's dull ears as they to hear are able

Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,

Nor can man's heart conceive

What shall we then believe

Of that blest future of His written word?

How shall He make us understand,
In what words tell the story,
Of that great weight of glory
Waiting us yonder in the Unseen Land ?

God's allegory is man's life,
Whereby He teaches here
By human ties how dear,
By joys wherewith our earthly lot is life,

Dimly, as through a glass, to guess
By type the Ante-type,
By Earth's rathe fruit Heaven's ripe,
By this faint glow that glory in excess

All dearest human ties combine
To shadow forth that bliss,
Reading that life from this,
From earth's flawed Best, Heaven's Perfect and
Divine

Is there a passion deep of Love
Or Loyalty stirs man's heart ?
Yonder its counterpart,
The Substance, whence our shadows, lives above

"Rabboni, Master," the glad cry
From Mary's lips outbreaks,
As the dim garden wakes
Dewy 'neath that first Easter's brightening sky .

With clinging hands about His feet,
In vain seeking to stay
Who must from Earth away —
Yonder her yearning no "Touch not" shall greet

"O Absalom, my son, my son !"
Does David's heart-broke wail,
From the King's wooded vale,
Ring down the ages till Earth's day be done ?

“Like as a Father pitieth,”
—Nought but a symbol still,
That love o’ermastering ill,
Of His whence all Earth’s fatherhood drew breath

“As one his mother comforteth,”
—On her true breast who bore
Turn we our griefs to pour ?
“So will I comfort thee,” the Great Voice saith.

In life’s defeat, the world’s cold eye
Averted, who shall share,
Bound by his blood to hear ?
—A brother born for our adversity,—

The First-born of our blood is there.
Doth Jonathan’s soul cleave
To David’s as men weave
Together warp and woof in fabric fair,

Heart, soul linked hand in hand ?—a friend
Closer than brother-bond,
As soul is sense beyond,
And deathless spirit than earth's ties that end

There the *one* Friend with plummet-line to sound
All deeps within our soul,
Where surge without control
Our life's true heart-beats,—mete our being's bound.

Is there a tie more tender still,
More perfect, more complete,
More satisfying sweet,
All the heart's cravings with itself to fill ?

A glimpse of our life's incomplete,
—In which creation groans
Filling the air with moans,—
Completed, when in marriage circlet meet

Twain who are one? Ah, joy above
All other joy of earth,
Yonder is still thy birth,
In the great marriage supper of His Love '

At last all yearnings satisfied,
Creation's sphere complete
In wedding-ring where meet
"Perfect in One," Heaven's Bridegroom and Earth's
Bride.

Not *there* the types and shadows, ours
The types and shadows here,
God's allegory dear,
Whereby reflected in Time's fleeting hours

He lets the abiding glory burn
Dimly as through a glass,
Till our faint reflex pass
Into His True, for which our fond hearts yearn

II

*“ There was a rainbow round about the
Throne.”*

“ And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it ”

WHAT means a rainbow there around the white
Effulgence achromatic of God's Throne,
Where all the glories blend in One alone
The Sum of all,—the God who is the Light ?
A rainbow,—that means clouds catching some bright
Fugitive splendours o'er their dark selves thrown,
Splitting the rays up of what else had grown
Too dazzling glorious e'en for death-cleared sight
Is it the sign and symbol of that throng
No man can number round about the Throne,
With human hearts that answer to our own,
Voices to blend with ours in the New Song,
And human loves bright with refracted light
From Love's Sum's yonder achromatic white ?

III

"As the stars for ever and ever"

"They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever "

A STAR was lost from the vault of night
Full many a year ago,
And its sister stars as they travel on
In their mazy dance bewail it as one
Passed out of their world of light

Empty its place in the ether blue,
Its figure lost to their dance,

When Night's daughters of light Heaven's glories
enhance

As they circle and twine, retreat and advance,
To their own voiceless music true

Yet far in our dim little Earth away,
In the hush of a summer's night,
As by open casement, a small form white,
'Mid wafted flower-scents and soft starlight,
A child knelt down to pray,

The stars came twinkling everywhere
Out in the heaven's deep blue,
The warm scented air, the silent dew,
The hush of night and its starlight too,
Enwapt her like a prayer,

Yet one star, one, of all the throng,
Her throbbing heart-pulse stilled,

O'er her dreaming brow its cool dew's distilled,
Earth's discord with Heaven's music filled,
—'Twas the lost star vanished long !

The place that knew knows it no more
In Heaven's celestial dance,
Yet 'tis *its* ray fixes her longing glance,
'Mid myriad stars 'tis that lost one's chance
Heaven's balm on her heart to pour !

Is it perished though many a year ago
Void its place in the midnight sky ?
When the Morning Stars sing and the shadows fly
In all God's universe where it doth lie
Who knows,—from the Night's crown gone ?

Burst its matter mayhap, and o'er meteor-stone
In some planet far away
The learnèd rub spectaclèd eyes and say,

“Whence comes this strange amorphous clay,
From what world unlike our own ? ”

Its gases mixed with the viewless air
Are breathed by each living thing,
Yet its light and its form as on pulsing wing
Down the dark abyss of the universe spring
To that little child at prayer !

They touch her brow with a passing kiss
From that truant of the Night,
Then on and on in their boundless flight
Through the universe vast its form and its light
Glance to other worlds than this

Its abiding place we find nowhere,
That star that has left our sky,
Its elements scattered—but not to die,
Its light and its form speeding on for aye,
Unchanged through God’s boundless air

We find not its home nor its substance rare,
Nor can follow that endless flight
Through the realms on realms of God's Infinite,
—Yet what hath perished? its wings of light
Kiss that little child at prayer!

IV

*"If there is a Natural Body there
is also a Spiritual."*

Gaffaullus, in a book entitled 'Curiosities Inouies,' published in 1650, says, by an admirable potency existing in nature the form (of plants) though invisible is still retained in the ashes. He asserts that an account of the experiment will be found in the works of Mr Du Chesne, one of the best chemists of the period, who had been shown by a Polish physician at Cracow, certain phials containing ashes, which, when duly heated, exhibited the forms of whatever plant or flower the ashes consisted of. Mr Du Chesne, however, had never been able to repeat the experiment, but at length he succeeded by accident in the following manner. Having for some purpose extracted the salts from some burnt nettles, and having let them lie outside the house all night to cool, in the morning he found them frozen, and to his surprise the form and figure of the nettles were so exactly represented on the ice that the living plant could not be more perfect. Delighted at this discovery he summoned Mr De Luynes, parliamentary councillor, to behold this curiosity, from whence, he says, they both concluded that when a body dies its form or figures still reside in its ashes.

Kircher, Vallemont, Digby, and others, are said to have practised this art of resuscitating the form of plants from their ashes

“The earthly husk,” says Oetinger, “remains in the retort, whilst the volatile essence ascends like a spirit, perfect in form but void of substance”—*Night Side of Nature*

DU CHESNE *loquitur.*

“My perfect nettles crystallised in ice
Where yestereve I threw but shapeless salts !
Nature’s free gift at last without a price,
Her priceless secret sought till patience halts,
E’er since on the boy’s wondering gaze, from phials
Of formless ashes Cracow’s sage made blow
Ethereal rose and lily ! Long denials
To all my eager questions ended so !
Right to dub Nature woman, she concedes
Her charms but at her own sweet time and will,
Unasked in royal largess grants her meeds
When, how, to whom she pleases, by no skill,
No prayer, no patient effort to be won ,

“ My perfect nettles crystallised at last !
True form and essence of the body gone,
Burnt yestereve to ashes ! *That* is past,
This cannot pass. Are forms that once they don,
—These particles of matter that dissolved
Into their elements we cast away,
Which perish not into new forms resolved—
Can their old forms be permanent as they ?
No form that once was, ever cease to be,
Persisting still e'en though its matter flee ?

“ My perfect nettles ! ah, their ash was strewn
Out to the winds, mayhap to make a part
First of some springing grain or fruit, then grown
To wild beast's tissue, or man's beating heart,
On in still widening circle failing not
Of one least particle that e'er hath been.
Is Form too deathless ? subtle Essence, Thought
Once incarnate, fixed for aye I ween,
On through all change while endless cycles run,
My perfect nettles left when all is done !

“My perfect nettles left ! Poor fading flower
Type of the transient, cut down with the grass,
And yet abiding ! At what utmost hour
Of all eternity doth aught then pass
That e’er hath been ? Through all change matter
lasts,
If without matter still persists the form
In which the Protoplast His least Thought casts
Deathless despite all ruin, wreck, or storm !
What perishes ? Whate’er was, is, shall be ,—
My ash-burnt nettles bloom eternally ! ”

V

*"Thy Dream, and the Visions of thy
Head upon thy Bed."*

"I will relate to you a circumstance," writes St Augustine, "which will furnish you matter for reflection. Our brother Sennadius, well known to us all as an eminent physician, could by no means bring himself to believe in a life after death. Now, God doubtless not willing that his soul should perish, there appeared to him, one night in a dream, a radiant youth of noble aspect, who bade him follow him, and as Sennadius obeyed, they came to a city where, on the right side, they heard a chorus of the most heavenly voices. As he desired to know whence this divine harmony proceeded, the youth told him that what he heard were the songs of the blessed, whereupon he awoke, and thought no more of his dream than people usually do. On another night, however, behold! the youth appears to him again and asks if he knows him, and Sennadius related to him all the particulars of his former dream, which he well remembered. 'Then,' said the youth, 'was it whilst sleeping or waking that you saw these things?' 'I was sleeping,' answered Sennadius. 'You are right,' returned the youth, 'it was in your sleep that you saw these things, and know, O Sennadius, that what you see now is also in your

sleep But if this be so, tell me where then is your body?’ ‘In my bed-chamber,’ answered Sennadius ‘But know you not,’ answered the stranger, ‘that your eyes, which form a part of your body, are closed and inactive?’ ‘I know it,’ answered he ‘Then,’ said the youth, ‘with what eyes see you these things?’ And Sennadius could not answer him, and as he hesitated, the youth spoke again, and explained to him the motive of his questions. ‘As the eyes of your body,’ said he, ‘which lies now on your bed and sleeps, are inactive and useless, and yet you have eyes wherewith you see me and these things I have shown unto you, so after death, when these bodily organs fail you, you will have a vital power whereby you will live; and a sensitive faculty whereby you will perceive Doubt, therefore, no longer that there is a life after death’ ‘And thus,’ said this excellent man, ‘was I convinced, and all doubts removed.”—ST AUGUSTINE *to his friend* EVADIUS.

“NOUGHT but a clod,’ Sennadius said,
 As he turned from his dead away,
 “Give clod to the sod and the worms be fed,
 Let us live while live we may .
 Let them riot and rout o’er their feast,” he said,
 “What morrow succeeds to-day?
 Life’s light gone out, life’s music fled,
 What but darkness and death alway?”

“Nought but a dream,” Sennadius said,
As careless he went on his way
All the night, a bright boy, his dream-steps had
 led,
But faded at break of day,
And the heavenly music his sleeping ears fed
Had died on the air away ,
Songs they were, the boy said, of the blessed
 Dead,
But nor vision nor voices might stay

“Nought but a clod, ` the bright boy said
As he stood where the sleeper lay ,
“Can those closed eyes see aught ?” he said,
 ‘Through the white lids veiling away ?
With what organs,” he said, “any more than the
 dead
Doth sleep meet the light of the day ?
Say now how thou sawest that fair vision spread,
Through those veiling eyelids pray

“Nought but a dream thy vision that sped
Far forth of the house of thy clay,
Lids shut as the dead on its midnight bed
In the darkened chamber that lay?
No light of earth shed that vision,” he said,
“Seen nor by earth’s eye nor earth’s day
Where then, say, have sped those ye call the Dead?
—In Death’s sleep what visions see they?”

VI.

"Absent from the Body."

THE still hot hours of a summer's night,
The longest of the year,
A woman's soul to the realms of light
Hath heard its summons clear
Her spirit on tiptoe for its flight,
Why doth it linger here,
Heaven's gates of pearl within its sight,
Heaven's music in its ear?

Ah! one cord binds yet that mother's heart
To the life fading fast from her mind,

One anchor the ship holds, that fain would depart,
To the shore all but left behind
“ On its distant voyage my soul glad would start,
O Death, were thy cold hands so kind,
Loose its clutch of my heart, grim and cruel as thou art,
Till my home and my children I find

“ One blessing more from the mother that bore
On their sleeping heads to shed,
One kiss their lips o’er ere the freed spirit soar
And they lay me with the dead ”
The mother’s prayer on the midnight air,
Went out from the dying bed ,
Did her spirit forth-fare that the watchers there
Deemed life itself had fled ?

For the wide-opened eyes grow fixed and still,
And the hanging jaw droops low,
No breath seems to thrill through the white lips chill,
Stopped the heart’s ceaseless come and go

Ah Death, hast thou conquered that fond heart to kill
So strong in its mother-woe ?
Or thy grim clutch still can her dauntless will
Elude since she lovèd so ?

Far off in the height of the midsummer night
Soft sleeping her children lay,
When the nurse with affright saw the mother's sprite,
In the soft dusk clear as day,
From the elder's room step out to the light,
By the younger's bed stand and pray,
Though no word she heard, the soft lips white
And the pleading eyes moved away

Wide awake and watching she sat up in bed
For full fifteen minutes or more
And the hour struck two on the Bridge-clock, she said,
Ere the mother's prayer was o'er
" In God's name I adjure, be it living or dead
This night that stands on my floor ? "

The form moved away , but wherever it sped,
Though she followed, she saw it no more.

Afar, they who watched by that mother's bed
Saw the wide-staring eyelids close,
And a smile as of Heaven o'er the pallid face spread
As tired child sinking soft to repose
And the voice they deemed from the earth had fled
In a low sweet murmur rose,
" I have been at home, seen the children," she said,
" Now gladly my spirit goes "

" Nay, daughter dear, we have watched you here
All night as one dead while you lay "
" Yet in sleep my soul sped while I lay like the dead
To my children far away "
She turned her to rest as on mother's breast
A child that is weary of play,
And the sweet spirit sped, while her body lay dead,
But to other Home farther away.

· MANY WATERS CANNOT QUENCH LOVE,
NEITHER CAN THE FLOODS DROWN
IT ”

AT Daintree lies King Charles,
His foot and horse around,
Next day he will fight the Ironsides,
Ne'er hopes so high and sound

Prince Rupert as his uncle
Stands ready all for the fray,
Montrose has beat “ the false Argyle ”
In Scotland far away,

And what of the new Model Army?
Base Roundheads that stop them to pray!
As mist in the sun they will vanish
'Fore his gay cavaliers the next day!

So gaily he presses his pillow
With his curling love-locks that June night,
—What sound brings his servants trooping
At midnight to his chamber in fright?

Why sits Charles up all trembling,
Those speaking eyes wide with fear
That had swayed the strong heart of Wentworth
Like a woman's for many a year?

Ah! Strafford's true heart ceased its beating
Beneath the headsman's stroke,
And the King whose word might have saved it,
Left the saving word unspoke.

Can it be that the broken heart carries
Charles' sad pleading eyes in it yet ?
That the headsman's axe might sever
Yet never make forget ?

Upon the stroke of midnight,
Who stands in the silent room ?
Whose sad eyes rest on the sleeping face,
Careless 'neath crack of doom ?

Love, many waters cannot quench,
Nor bloody Death's flood drown,
Has it drawn him here this midnight drear,
From the far-off spirit-land down ?

He knows the fickle heart to-day
Scarce more than he knew it then,
Too feeble the headsman's stroke to stay
Beneath his spirit's ken

Last shred of doubt he had wound about
Those eyes that saw too well,
The faithlessness, the fickleness, the frailty, all lay
 plain,
As the headsman's sharp axe fell

Ah, not forgot in that other lot
That deep grief of earth's day,
That the eyes his heart loved hid no heart,
—Yet his love holds on its way.

What is it he loves in that fickle man,
With a love that has power to sway
All life on earth, ay and life beyond
In those worlds so far away?

That he comes down here this midnight drear,
With sad eyes on the sleeping face,
To warn of doom in the silent room,
Give his king yet a day of grace

Though his warning be vain, that he comes yet again,
 With reproach for the love held in scorn,
 That reached down so far from his distant star,
 To shield from the fateful morn.

In vain ' in vain ' Can a heart so frail
 Know a love that holds on through all wrong ?
 All fickle and faithless, the friend he betrayed
 Trust for Love than cruel Death more strong ?

So the sad eyes fade and the warning Shade
 Melts away in the silent room,
 And at Naseby next day, in the fateful fray,
 King Charles goes on to his doom.

—O Love '—is it folly that lavishes thus
 On the worthless its spikenard so fine ?
 —Men deem so of men,—yet is God's love for us
 So lavished, not so most divine ?

"CALL ME UP SAMUEL"

THE ridge of a rugged upland,
A dim cave black as night,
Where the broad dark leaves of a fig-tree
O'er the door quench the stars' pale light

There is no moon in all the heavens,
And no star-ray struggles through
That living screen of darkest green
That hides the cave from view

Only the blackening embers
Of a dying wood-fire's spark,
Sullen and red, a flicker shed
In the cavern's outer dark,

On the crone that sits cowering o'er them,
Her long skinny hands to their heat ,
No sound in the silence and darkness
Save the drip of the spring at her feet

Below the steep ridge of the hillside
Neath the stars sleeps the little town,
Beyond, through the dusk, wooded Tabor
On the plain of Esdraelon looks down ,

All peaceful they sleep in the starlight,
Though but those near hill-tops ayont
The Philistines' camp beside Shunem,
Saul's army by Jezreel's font

—What rustles the leaves of the fig-tree
At this the dead hour of the night ?
Makes the weird crone start up from the embers
Of her dying fire in affright ?

Whose hand is it pushes so softly
The low veiling branches aside ?
Standing gaunt in the cave's outer darkness
Who needeth such mufflings to hide ?

O'er the shoulder of Little Hermon
He has crept in the moonless night,
Past the glow of the Philistine camp-fires
He has slunk o'er the hills to the right

A gaunt spectral Shade in the darkness
With his two trusty henchmen at hand,
He stands in the witch's cavern
He has sworn to purge from the land

But now he would know her dark secrets
For his soul has a nameless dread,
And the Lord nor by Urim and Thummim,
Nor seer, nor dream hath word said

And his heart in its fear turns backward
To the old friend who loved him so well,
In the long ago of his gallant youth
Ere the dark days fell,—dead Samuel

No soul on the earth to help him,
God's ear too seems closed to his cry,
But well he knows that the old seer's love
Was a love that could not die,

Can he but make his spirit hear
In that far-off world of his,
He will break the band of the Silent Land,
At his need whom he loved in this

Ah, the words were stern that he spoke to him last,
And long years he dwelt apart,
But nor anger nor absence the love could hide
That lived in the old seer's heart !

This woman now with her weirdly spells
Can she call him back once more ?
Were it but to curse he would see the face
He yearns to as of yore

So he bids her send her familiar forth
That dwells in her mortal clay,
As essence confined in some phial of earth
Escapes on the air away,

To search for the seer in the dark Unknown,
Bid his spirit back to-day,
—This service done, he will spare this one
Of them God bade him slay

—But what ails the crone, in the midnight lone
That she turns with a sudden cry ?
“Thou art Saul the king”—who hath breathed
 this thing
In the dark cave’s privy ?

No word by man spoke, hath the silence broke,
His henchmen stand mutely by,
“Fear not,” quoth the king, with lip trembling,
“What hast thou seen ? reply.”

“’Twas a god I saw,” quoth the quaking crone,
“Ascending from the earth”—
Not such are they from the Under-world
That haunt her unholy hearth,

This one must come from far other realm
Than that dim land of Shades
Whence the spectral forms her familiar calls
To her cave as the daylight fades ’

“What is his form ?” quoth the trembling king,
“An old man in mantle wide ’
And slow on his sight in the dark cave’s twilight
Dawns the dim spectral form by his side

Low to the ground he bows him down,
As he sees the long-lost seer,
And the slow words come from the lips that are dumb,
For many a weary year .

“Wherefore hast thou disquieted me,
To bring me from my rest ? ”
“Old friend of yore, distress I am sore,
By Philistine foes opprest ,

“And God has forsaken me, answers not
By prophet, or dream, or sign,
And my heart turns back on my life's past track
To the one friend who once was mine

“Can I but make him hear in those realms of fear
His spirit will answer I know,
As it came at my call, by its love made my thrall,
In those days of long ago.

“Nor my reckoning was vain, thou art here again,
At my need thou hast come as I knew
Thou wouldst, couldst thou hear in thy far-off sphere
—Now tell me what I must do.”

Sad, sad the seer's eyes though his tongue replies
In stern words of warning woe,
“If God have forsook thee why com'st thou to me ?
Tis His answer of long ago

· Because thou obeyedst not His voice
He hath rent thy kingdom away,
And through me, as He said, on David's head
He hath set thy crown this day

“Can I gainsay the doom He did say ?
Nay, I have but more words of sorrow,
Where camps Israel to-night by Jezreel
The jackals shall couch to-morrow,

“All gorged with the blood that has flowed in a flood,
And the Philistines dance in their glee,
For the Lord’s host shall fall ’neath their sword,
 great and small,
—And thou and thy sons be with me”

And down through the ground the dim spectre passed
With that “au revoir” of sorrow,
And king on the earth fell down by the hearth,
—He shall see him again to-morrow !

O Gilboa heights to-night wet with dew,
Are with deadlier dew wet the morrow,
When a wandering Amalekite ’mid the wounded in
 fight
Finds a king on those mountains of sorrow !

With his three sons around on the bloody ground !
—“ May no gentler dew e’er fall
On that blasted height where befell that blight
To the house of princely Saul ! ”

So doth David sing bewailing the king
On the heights of Gilboa so drear,
And the friend of his youth whose love and whose
truth
To him were than brother's more dear

—They have hewn the king's head as he lay 'mid
the dead,
They have stript off his armour and all,
This, they've taken to grace Goddess Ashtaroth's
place,
That hung o'er Bethshean's wall

But there came in the night, men valiant in fight
From Jabesh his hand saved of yore,
Across the dark ford, up the scarpèd rock sharp,
And from great Dagon's fortress they bore,

Ere the dim morning light chased the gloom of the
night

A weird glow in Jabesh there shone,

As with pious hands they made a pyre in the
 shade,
Burned Saul and his three sons thereon.

They buried them there with reverent care,
In Jabesh under a tree,
That Philistine more may ne'er mock them sore,
Great Saul and his gallant sons three.

Till David did bring the bones of the king
And Jonathan friend of his soul,
To mingle in peace with their kindred earth
While the world's long ages roll.

—But ah ! whither fled the soul of the dead
From Gilboa's mount of Sorrow ?
Where met they again, in what regions unkenned,
The king and the seer on that morrow ?

EPILOGUE.

I

"Behold, it was very good."

"And God saw everything that He had made, and, behold,
it was very good "

DEW-BRIGHT the sunny garden
Our earth's glad natal morn,
Thrilling through glades of Eden
Birds' rapture-song new born,
Flowers lifting dewy faces
Where wild things of the wood
Gambolled with frolic graces,
"God saw that it was good "

Thy day now sorrow-shaded,
Poor Earth, that dawned so fair,
Its glory gloom, flowers faded,
For birds' song man's despair
Within thine Eden's sunshine
Could these grim shadows brood,
The Serpent round the Tree twine,
Yet God see it was good?

HIS Earth may fear no evil,
Life springs from Death's disguise,
Him serve angel and devil,
Good fell that Best might rise
Through loss, gain, for birds' gladness
Songs of HIS blood-bought Blest,
God-man perfect through sadness,
—God saw that it was best.

II

"A Living Hope."

"We trusted that it had been He which should have redeemed
Israel "

"The first man Adam was made a living soul, the last Adam
a quickening spirit "

WAS it a dead Hope they had laid with tears
In Joseph's garden 'neath the sealed stone?
The world's great Hope that on their sight had grown
Clear and more clear adown the waiting years,
Just at the grasping vanished?—Such their fears
As that first Easter walking they were sad.
Ah! did no whispers from the dewy, glad,
Spring-wakening garden breathe in their dull ears?
Where round the Living had already rung,
To every opening bud and twittering bird,
Earth's Easter chorus down the ages heard,
"He liveth that was dead," by angels sung?
Whence by our sealed stones we stand to-day
In living hope through that stone rolled away.

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